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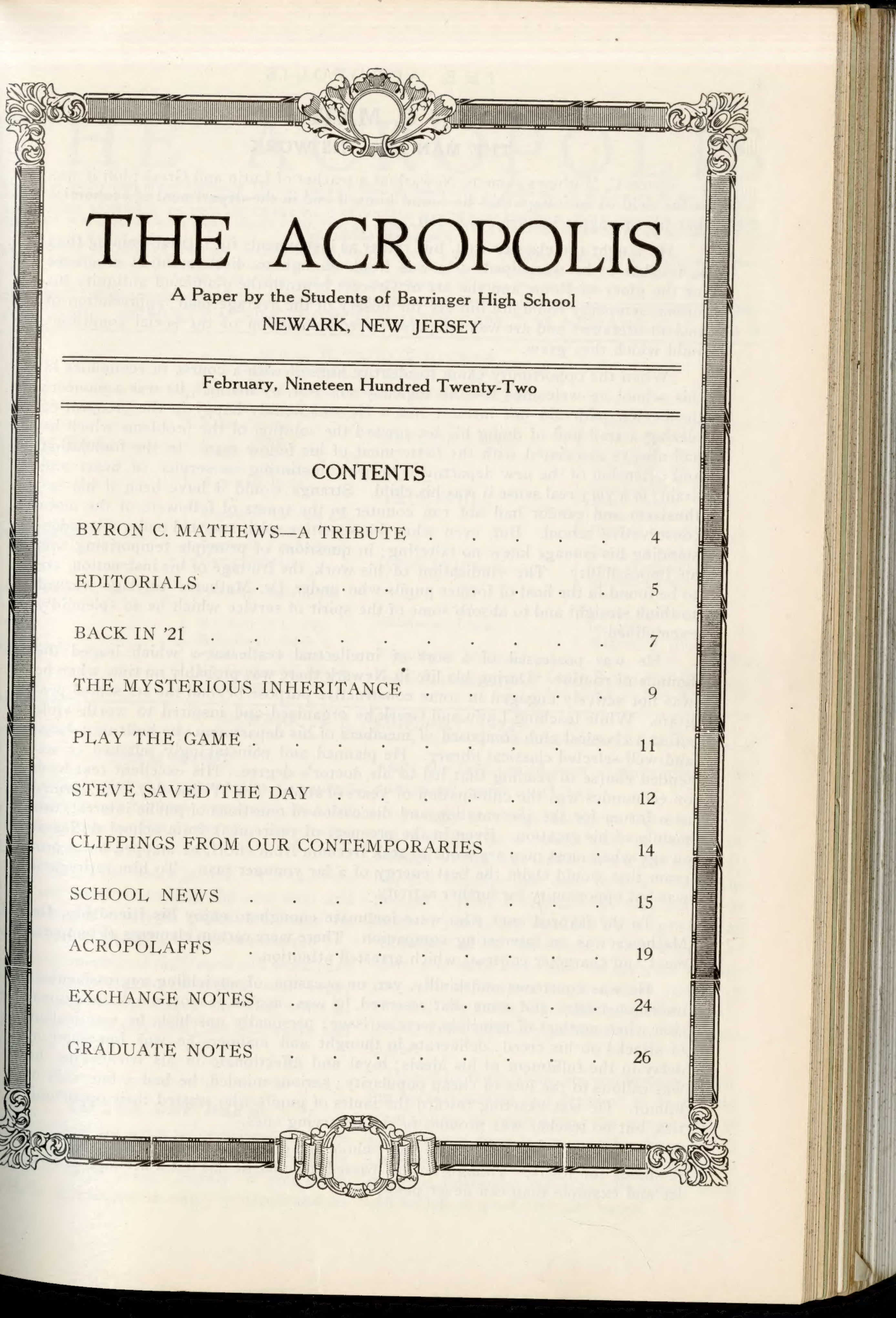
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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

February, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two

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BYRON C. MATHEWS

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

Byron C. Mathews came to Newark as a teacher of Latin and Greek; but it was in the field of sociology that he found himself and in the department of economics that his strongest influence was felt.

He taught the classics well, but rather as instruments for mental training than as fetishes to be worshiped. He was frank enough to disclaim blind reverence for the glory of Rome and the art of Greece: beneath the glamor of antiquity his human sympathy could not but see the misery of the average man; appreciation of ancient literature and art was tempered by condemnation of the social conditions amid which they grew.

When the opportunity came to identify himself with a course in economics in this school he welcomed it—and logically so. For, by instinct, he was a pioneer; the beaten path did not interest him. He was doubly happy in the prospect of blazing a trail and of doing his bit toward the solution of the problems which he had always associated with the betterment of his fellow man. In the foundation and extension of the new department he was unstinting in service of heart and brain; in a very real sense it was his child. Strange would it have been if his enthusiasm and candor had not run counter to the tenets of followers of the more conservative school. But, even when his sensitive spirit smarted under misunderstanding his coinage knew no faltering; in questions of principle temporizing was an impossibility. The vindication of his work, the fruitage of his instruction, are to be found in the host of former pupils who under Dr. Mathews' tutelage learned to think straight and to absorb some of the spirit of service which he so splendidly exemplified.

He was possessed of a sort of intellectual restlessness which leaped the bounds of routine. During his life in Newark there was probably no time when he was not actively engaged in some constructive purpose beyond the set school program. While teaching Latin and Greek he organized and inspired to worth-while effort a classical club composed of members of his department; he built up a large and well-selected classical library. He planned and painstakingly pursued an extended course of reading that led to his doctor's degree. His excellent text-book on economics was the culmination of years of study. The Wednesday Club, formed as a forum for the presentation and discussion of questions of public interest, was mainly of his creation. Even in the prospect of retirement from school duties at an age when most men are wont to seek freedom from effort, he mapped out a program that would claim the best energy of a far younger man. To him retirement was but opportunity for further activity.

To the favored ones who were fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship, Dr. Mathews was an interesting companion. There were certain elements of temperament and character contrast which arrested attention.

He was courteous and kindly, yet, on occasion, of unyielding aggressiveness; undemonstrative and somewhat reserved, he was capable of most emphatic expression when matters of principle were at issue; personally unselfish, he was jealous of attacks on his creed; deliberate in thought and manner, he was impatient of delay in the fulfilment of his ideals; loyal and affectionate in his friendships, he was callous to the lure of cheap popularity; serious-minded, he had a fine vein of humor. He was exacting toward the faults of pupils who wasted their opportunities, but no teacher was prouder of the deserving ones.

He stamped his impress on this school and did much to make Barringer what it stands for today. Though he has passed from us, he has left a heritage of service and example than can never pass.

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1922

TEAM WORK

The editor takes this opportunity to express to the new Board his hope and desire that this term may be one of the best ever experienced by The Acropolis.

Over half of the Board is new. It is the duty of the old members to help the new ones and tell them of the way in which the "copy" is written and of the things to be emphasized.

If every member of the Board will work hard to do his best and to co-operate with every other member of the Board, the work will run much more smoothly and The Acropolis will benefit as a result.

TO THE ONE BEE'S

1B's, it does not seem so very long since we Seniors were welcomed to Barringer, and yet it is over three years. Surely, if you enter B. H. S. determined to enjoy yourself and to

make the best out of your opportunities, your course will seem short, too.

We take this opportunity to express to you our welcome to a school that at first seems strange to you, but which, in a short time, will be very familiar and dear to you. With the present system of sessions, we may not see as much of you as we should if all the grades had recitations at the same time. Nevertheless, we know you have come and we are glad to have you with us, for we know that in your turn you will be those who will support the athletics, clubs and the publication of our alma mater.

Do not be too bashful, nor too forward either, but by earnestness and devotion to duty make your ability so evident that the school will, as you advance, turn to you to take charge of its activities. Then we shall know that when we are gone Barringer honor and Barringer work will be left in good and safe hands.

HAROLD AT SENLAC

On Senlac's heights, King Harold valiant stood,
 Surrounded by his knights in mailed hood;
 Three times the savage French rushed up the
 steep,
 And sought to crush the Saxons with their
 sweep;
 But great despair oft brings the needed might,
 While savage fury rages at its height;
 Then sudden wiles the Norman prince con-
 ceived,
 And caused his bolts the upper air to cleave;
 Straight down one came and pierced the royal
 sight,
 And Harold's fall eclipsed the Saxon's might.

EUGENE FREY.

OLD FAITHFUL

Barringer, 'tis for you we fight,
 'Tis for you we work with all our might;
 We love to see you on the hill
 In summer when the days are still,
 And to see your misty walls appear
 As slowly through the snow we near.

For years you have been seen,
 Guarding o'er the tree-tops green
 The city of thy birth;
 Of you the city and state are proud,
 And to you we students daily crowd,
 To uphold thy glorious name.

H. G. B.

DECEMBER HONOR ROLL

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 Louise Alberts.

(Continued on page 17)



BACK IN '21

A RADIO STORY

By Maxwell J. Rice

A hush came over the room! Bert Randall, millionaire inventor, was about to tell a story of his boyhood, about which very little was known. This famous personage was, from all appearances, in the very best of humor, for very seldom could he be drawn into a conversation which was not of a scientific nature. But on this particular evening he seemed to imbibe the chummy atmosphere which permeated the clubroom, along with a heavy cloud of tobacco smoke. Allan Roberts, one of the group, a famous surgeon, whose fame at the operating table was internationally known, had just concluded a vivid story of an interesting boyhood incident.

Apparently his humorous account had struck a chord in Randall's memory, for he sat back in the roomy settee and, taking a final puff at his huge black cigar, began:

"Well, boys, Doc's comical story brings back recollections of an incident in my own boyhood which was more or less humorous.

"I was about seventeen at the time, just at that dangerous stage in a fellow's life when he is apt to think he knows it all. I happened to be afflicted in that way at the time, and my particular branch was wireless.

"That was back in '21, thirty-five years ago! Yes, boys, thirty-five long and bumpy years," he added, raising his voice to make it audible

above the loud whirr of one of the huge aerial monarchs, which was ascending on its weary five-hour trip across the Atlantic.

"My friends, even Edison himself, that old pioneer inventor, and Marconi, the man who launched the immense ship of Radio Possibility upon the rough, turbulent Sea of Time, would be amazed at the accomplishments of today.

"Ah! Could they but have looked forward to the present day, to see ocean-going liners leaving port without so much as a lump of coal or any other fuel in their holds, with no source of power supply other than the antenna which stretched from mast to mast. Then the transmission of power by wireless was a myth, a most foolish impossibility, an unheard-of creation of someone's imagination. However, even though it was looked upon as such by the majority, there were a few who believed it possible. I was one of them," he admitted, relighting his cigar.

"I was very fond of experimenting, but try as I would, experiment as I did, all my attempts to discover a way by which power could be transmitted by radio were futile. Finally I became discouraged and that put an end to my experiments. But I still remained a 'bug' and kept the 'ole set' working, for at that time many of the local newspapers had

begun to broadcast the news, time, weather reports and music, by radiophone.

"One evening, I remember it well," he remarked, "while waiting for the news broadcast to begin, I decided to try out a new piece of apparatus which I had purchased on the preceding day.

"Clearing a space on my table, which was literally covered with all kinds of radio apparatus, switches, a lamp, and all the junk and paraphernalia which can be found in any radio station, I proceeded to connect the new instrument to the set. Finally I went over all the wires, tightening the connections, when . . . Well, it was almost a fatal moment for me . . . The blinding flash! . . . the shock! The sparks radiated from my finger-tips. I seemed to see a thousand fiery demons riding as many scintillating balls of fire! It was over instantaneously, but ever since it has been stamped on my mind."

Randall paused to regain his breath.

"I gradually came to my senses with the realization of the narrow escape that I had had," he went on. "I had scarcely dared to hope—and yet, yes, I had discovered it at last, after months of tireless experiment. I had accidentally come upon it. Wireless Transmission of Power! Already my mind pictured in glaring headlines at the top of the newspapers, 'BOY MAKES LONG SOUGHT DISCOVERY.' I could hear my name on every lip. 'Randall, the Revolutionizer of Modern Radio!' It indeed was music to my ears.

"Abruptly arousing myself from the contemplation into which I had lapsed, I let out a whoop of joy, and without a moment's hesitation to verify my supposition I dashed out of the room and immediately called up the editor of one of the local papers. I proudly informed him of my discovery, whereupon I was promptly told where to go, and informed that I would receive a very warm reception there.

"I was shocked at the impudence of the man. However, the next editor whom I called up was a trifle more appeasable, and seeing the possibilities of a 'scoop,' finally agreed to send a man to investigate.

"After hanging up, I became aware of a tingling sensation in the middle of my fore-

head. Upon close scrutiny in a mirror I found it to be a burn, which I dressed with little consequence.

"It seemed a century before the sound of the long-expected footsteps reached my waiting ears. Closer and closer they echoed until at the head of the stairway they stopped and a heavy knock sounded on the door.

"At last! My dreams had been realized. My invention was about to be acknowledged. I was so overjoyed that my heart nearly skipped a beat!

"But I was rather disappointed at what I saw when I opened the door, for, contrary to my expectations, a heavy, thickset gentleman, with a rather brusque manner about him, was my visitor. Nevertheless this did not daunt me, and without any comment I proceeded to explain my discovery up to the most minute detail.

"He stood there stiffly, with an unfathomable expression on his face, in which in a few moments turned to one of perplexity.

"'Hey dere!' he shouted in a hoarse voice, 'wat yer tryin' ter give me? Here I comes ter kerlect de milk bill and finds meself in a reg'lar nut-house, wit you tryin' ter tell me allerbout some new-fangled, thing-amajig. Me fer de street,' he fervently exclaimed. With that he burst out of the door, tumbled down the stairs, and was out and away for his precious life.

"'That was the unkindest cut of all,'" he quoted, after the laughter had subsided. "I dropped into a chair, exhausted by my over-eagerness.

"But before long there came another knock. Upon opening the door this time I was confronted by a stalwart young man, with a very clean-cut appearance. He informed me that he was the representative of the 'Record,' and was well versed in radio. My spirits rose, and with increasing excitement I repeated the story of my discovery.

"'There, now what do you think of that!' I boasted proudly, finishing my story with a flourish. 'But what is your opinion or theory,' I inquired.

"Instead of answering, he, to my utter amazement, asked to be shown to the cellar, where he made a close examination of the power line which supplied the house current,

(Continued on page 25)

THE MYSTERIOUS INHERITANCE

By G. June Kessler

"Elizabethtown, Elizabethtown!" shouted the trainman above the din of the storm.

"Such a relief," sighed Mrs. Parker as the train went on, leaving her and her daughter, Gail, with their baggage on the station platform.

"We're not anywhere yet, as far as I can see," reminded Gail a bit peevishly, as they walked to the end of the platform.

"We must take this hack," said her mother as she climbed into it, "and go to the next town, where we shall have to spend the night."

"Fool's errand!" complained Gail after a while.

"Beggars can't be choosers, daughter," answered her mother. "We have next to no money, and when the lawyers notified me of this property that Uncle Harry had left us, I thought it a fine chance to begin anew. By summer we might start a sort of summer resort up here."

"If we stay until summer," returned Gail. "Goodness, just listen to this storm!"

"I'm soaked through, are you?" casually inquired her mother, as though such trips were a common event.

"I certainly am!" groaned Gail hopelessly.

In such a storm talking was rather difficult, so little was said during the next hour. The hack rocked to and fro and almost overturned numerous times. Then, without a bit of warning, it collapsed. Apparently it was tired and worn out like its occupants.

"Gail!" screamed Mrs. Parker, "are you hurt?"

"I-I-I guess I'm all here," came a muffled voice from the heap of baggage.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the mother. "But, where is the driver? We must go on!"

"I'm here, ma'am," came from the region of the front seat, "but we can't go on. This poor hack isn't worth a match to burn it with, now!"

"But what on earth shall we do?" questioned Gail, now entirely disgusted.

"Seems to me," replied the driver, "that there is an old house up the road. Each of

you throw a blanket around you, take some baggage and follow me."

While speaking he lit a lantern and found the said blankets and baggage. Then they started slowly up the road, the horse, now unhitched, following.

"Here's a gate," said their guide, who was in the lead. "We'll turn in here. I'm sure it must lead to a house."

After much difficulty they came to the entrance of what appeared to be a rambling old house.

"I'll go round to the back and look for a place to put the horse," said the former driver, "while you try to get in." With this he disappeared and the two women proceeded to find a means of entering the house.

"Here's an open window, Gail," said her mother, making that discovery. "Supposing you climb in and open the front door for me."

Gail did as she was directed and had just let her mother in when their former driver reappeared.

"The owner of this house sure didn't care about being clean," he said. "I found a sort of stable attached to the house and I put the horse there, and I'm going to stay there after I make you a fire."

After this speech of explanation he built a fire for them and left them, saying "Well, good-night and shout if you want anything."

"Good-night," answered Mrs. Parker. "Now, Gail," she continued, "let's spread these blankets before the fire and rest a bit. Maybe we'll get a wink of sleep."

Both settled down, but not for long. The wind howled in the trees, the shutters banged noisily against the house, and the rain still fell in torrents.

"Gail!" Mrs. Parker whispered as she shook her daughter, "I've been hearing queer noises for the last ten minutes. Don't you hear them!"

"What?" asked Gail, starting up.

"Did you hear that noise then?" repeated the mother.

"Y-yes, I did and do," whispered Gail, clinging to her mother.

"Shall I call the driver?" came fearfully from Mrs. Parker.

"Indeed, no," said Gail, suddenly trying to be brave.

"Try to rest again, dear," sighed the mother. It does no good to worry, and it might have been a trick of the imagination. I hope——"

"There it goes again!" interrupted Gail. "I'll say that's no imagination on my part. Truly I'm—— There! Did you hear it then?"

"Yes, yes, I hear it all the time," said Mrs. Parker in an unsteady voice.

"You don't suppose it is a ghost, do you, Mother?" asked Gail through chattering teeth.

"Goodness, Gail!" exclaimed her mother, "don't be childish! Now try to rest again and think of something else."

No more disturbing ghostlike noises were heard for quite a while. Gail, tired out, had fallen into a doze, but Mrs. Parker was wide awake and breathed a silent prayer that they might remain unharmed. She, too, then fell into a heavy slumber.

At daybreak, Mrs. Parker was awakened by someone trying to break down the door. Too frightened to speak, she flew to the door and opened it so quickly that the intruder, a jolly-faced young man, nearly fell into the room.

"Sorry I had to break in that way. Excuse me, please!" he exclaimed as he backed out, considerably slower than he came in.

"Wait!" called Mrs. Parker, regaining her breath. "Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I'm Hugh Latimer," he replied; "a mountain ranger, they call me, but it's my job to look out for forest fires, and when I saw the smoke of your fire I came down on the lope."

"I'm Mrs. Parker," that lady returned, "and this is my daughter Gail, Mr. Latimer."

Gail, now fully awake, blushed furiously as she acknowledged the introduction, straightening her hair and wondering how terrible a sight she was, sitting on that heap of blankets before such a handsome fellow.

"You see," continued Mrs. Parker, "we arrived at Elizabethtown last night and took a hack for the next town. The hack collapsed and here we are. The driver is somewhere about here I suppose."

"This is too bad," sympathized Hugh. "You don't look as though you had had a very restful night either."

"We certainly haven't," said Gail, who thought that that last statement must be meant for her. "We have heard the most terrible noises! Just listen a minute!"

"There I hear it!" exclaimed Hugh. "But I can't imagine what it can be! Surely ghosts don't parade during the day!"

Gail paled, but blushed again when she realized that he was making fun of her fears.

"I shall fly out of my shoes!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, "if we can't find either the source of the noises or get out of here."

"We might form a searching party and go through the house," Hugh suggested. "We might get a little fun out of it, too," he added, looking out of the corner of his eye at Gail.

They started out, Gail and Hugh in the lead, but were unsuccessful, finding only rooms entirely bare with the exception of having a thick layer of dust and an old musty odore. During this expedition Gail and Hugh had become quite friendly.

"You don't live around here, do you?" asked Gail, hoping in a way that he did.

"Oh, no," Hugh replied laughingly. "When I was on my vacation from Princeton I went to Long Island, but after I graduated from college Dad sent me up here to work two years before he would take me in his business. Mother and Dad live down in good old New York," he added in explanation.

By this time they had gone through the whole house and were back to the place from which they had started, without finding a sign of life.

"I wonder where this door leads to," mused Hugh, as they came upon a door that they had not noticed before.

"You might try it," said Mrs. Parker, who was now thoroughly disgusted with the fruitlessness of their search, although they still heard the noises.

Hugh complied with her request and tried to open the door. In doing so he was sure he heard the noises more plainly and that they must be coming from the other side. Tingling with excitement, they pushed and shoved, and the door suddenly swung open, revealing a

(Continued on page 28)

PLAY THE GAME

The clock ticked loudly and merrily, the hands crept around its face at an alarming rate. "Eleven o'clock!" exclaimed Arthur. O hang! Three more pages to do! Well, I'll risk it. I'm so sleepy I can't keep my eyes open another minute. With a sigh of relief, Arthur closed his Vergil and prepared for bed. It was his last year at high school, and Vergil was the last exam. He had passed the rest with fairly good marks; not too good, for Arthur disliked to shock his father unduly. Mr. Moore had suddenly decided to go abroad during the summer, and had promised to take Arthur with him, provided he passed all his examinations. If Arthur did not, it meant a dull summer session, which he loathed with all his heart. Such was the situation.

The class assembled quietly, and a sudden hush fell over the classroom. Mr. Holcomb, professor of Latin, said, "Before I pass out the papers, I want to repeat a quotation for you. I think it will be significant without any explanation.

"It's the voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks,

Play up! play up! play the game!"

"That is all."

In a few minutes Arthur was busily reading his examination paper. There were four questions; the first was on prosody and memory work. Arthur was fair in prosody, and he had memorized his sixty lines, so he felt safe. The second question gave a sight translation, which Arthur felt he could stumble through and pass. The third was an exercise in translation from the text.

Hurriedly he read it, then he gasped. He had never seen it in his life! It couldn't be a part of the text—it was a mistake! Then he remembered. He had been absent for a week, and somehow he had never had time to make up the Latin he had missed. Last night he had failed to review three pages—this passage must have been in that part! What should he do? He just couldn't give up his trip to Europe!

He answered the first two questions, then skipped to the fourth. When he had finished, he tried the third, but it was no use. Listlessly

his eyes wandered about the room. Mr. Holcomb was gazing out of the window; everyone else was hard at work. Suddenly, with a dull thud, a square of paper landed on his desk. He looked about, and saw Frederick Hall, his best friend, nod to him. Eagerly he opened the note; quickly he read it.

"If you will write those 60 lines we had to memorize for me, I will give you the translation for the third question. I know you can't do it. F. H."

Arthur picked up his pen, and began to write the desired lines. Suddenly he paused, ran his hand through his hair, laid down his pen. Was it fair? Was it honest? What was it Mr. Holcomb had said? Play up, play the game! Arthur played football, and despised a player who would not play square. Wouldn't the same rule apply here as on the field? he asked himself. But he couldn't miss that trip with Dad! But wasn't this just as much a game as football? Didn't squareness mean the same everywhere? By George, it did! It must! Well, good-bye, trip. Instead of the memory passage, he wrote: "I can't, Fritz; we've got to play the game!"

Three days later the Vergil class assembled for the last time. "I am sorry to say," declared Mr. Holcomb, "that there are three failures—Benjamin Sprague, Hugh Pierce and Arthur Moore. On the whole, however, the work was excellent." But Arthur heard no more. His last hopes were shattered, his doom was settled. Summer school for him.

On the last day of June, Mr. Moore sailed for England. "Sorry, son," he said, "that you aren't going with me. I counted on your company."

"Yes," answered Arthur, "I'm sorry, sir."

All during summer school Arthur studied harder than he had ever studied before. Examinations came and went. When Mr. Holcomb read the marks, Arthur's was highest, but it brought no satisfaction to Arthur. In his pocket was a letter from his father from Switzerland. How he longed to be with him! "Mr. Moore," a voice was saying, "I'd like to see you after class." Slowly the class filed out, and

(Continued on page 13)

STEVE SAVED THE DAY

Steve Rodman had never been very popular since he had entered Halen College. His freshman year had been a lonely one, and his sophomore term was beginning the same way. He was a large, husky lad, and his six-foot height was concealed by his broad shoulders and big build.

Mr. Rodman owned a small grocery store in the little town on the outskirts of which was the college. Every afternoon Steve had to deliver the sales of the day. He had to carry all the bundles, and many afternoons he had to make as many as fifteen trips to and from the store.

Many of the outlying sales led Steve around the gym and across the football practice field of the college. Many a time he would stop and enviously watch the struggle. Here is where the story begins.

Steve's great strength and weight attracted the attention of Coach Mills of the Halen team. The team for this year was very much in need of such strong, heavy men. One afternoon in late September Mills and Rodman met accidentally on the campus.

"Why don't you come out for our team, Rodman? The fellows need you. Where is your Halen spirit?"

Steve insisted that his father needed him. "I've got to repay him for the opportunity of going to college. He has sacrificed much for me. I must help him when I can."

Steve went his way, and Coach Mills went to the team room.

"Well, boys, I've spoken to Steve Rodman. His work interferes with his school spirit and his greatest desire. If we could think of some way to help him, he could be on the team. We need him."

"You fellows can make arrangements for yourselves, but you don't make any for me if I know it," grumbled Ed Haines, right halfback of the team.

Haines was very apt to snub anyone of low standing. He belonged to the socially highest fraternity and was at the college only because of his skill as halfback. He would do anything for money. He, of course, looked down on Steve.

"Do you think I'd carry bundles for that fellow? What do you take me for?"

"I've got an idea Rodman is very sensitive and it is not likely that he would consent to having the other fellows do his work. But he can take my car and deliver the stuff in fifteen minutes easily," Bill Waters volunteered.

Next day Steve was told of the plan. But he could not drive a car; besides, what if anything should happen to it? He decided he could not accept the offer, although it shattered his greatest wish.

During his spare time he often watched the gridiron practice and learned the game thoroughly.

One evening Steve, feeling dull and melancholy, went out to stroll by the river near the college woods. The night was very quiet, and the stillness depressed his spirit. He sat drearily on the bank, looking idly at the tumbling stream.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a harsh whisper.

"I thought you'd never come, Haines," whispered the first voice. "Sit down."

"All right, Conner; talk business and talk fast. My time's limited."

"Well, I'm here to talk about that Lainfield game. Your team has one fine chance if you play for them. But, on the other hand, if you play for us, then Lainfield's going to win. I'll guarantee we'll pay you well. But there are certain things you'll have to do. Sell us your signals, fumble the ball to us, and you won't regret it."

"But what will Halen say if I play so badly for them?" asked Haines, frightened.

"They won't blame you at all. They won't know. Come on, you can't lose."

The silence was penetrating for a few seconds. To Steve it seemed hours. Then from the far-off he heard an "All right." Ed Haines had sold himself and his team.

Steve sat stunned. He could not believe it could be true of any man to do such a thing. Finally he got up as if dazed, and stumbled home. But he slept not that night. He could not make up his mind what to do.

When dawn began to creep over the college

woods, Steve arose determined. He would remain silent, but he would get on the team. He went to the coach and told him he had arranged his work so as to be able to play on the team.

Every day he went out to practice. He watched Haines carefully. Haines was playing strong these days, but he looked frightened. Steve, alone, knew why.

Finally the great day came. Coach Mills was confident in his team. He was well prepared for a complete victory with a fine first team and good substitutes. Steve was a left halfback on the second team. He had worked hard and was a good man now.

As the team went on the field, Haines looked worried and afraid. He had his work all planned, but he was afraid he would get caught.

The whistle blew—the game began. Mark, the quarterback, caught the ball and started towards the Lainfield post. But Haines tripped and fell in front of the quarterback. Mark fell and the ball rolled but was recovered on the Halen twenty-five yard line by a Halen man.

A signal was given for a forward pass, but Lainfield knew the Halen signals and the pass was intercepted. Everything they tried was blocked. Mills, on the side lines, was overcome with wonder. His fellows were playing so badly.

Nearer and nearer to the Halen post came the opponents. But now it was the Halen's ball; Haines had it. Rodman was desperate. If he could only play!

Slowly the Lainfield team was making the Halen goal. Haines fumbled the ball. A great shout! The ball was over the line. Lainfield kicked the goal. The whistle blew, the half was ended.

When the game began again, the astonished coach looked on with awe. He could hardly believe his warriors could be so bewildered. It was then that Rodman asked to go in, and the coach let him go.

Steve went in as left halfback and Haines played right halfback. The ball was on Lainfield's forty-five yard line.

The signal was given for a forward pass. Haines made an attempt to get the ball, but Steve was quicker. Tripping up Haines, Rod-

man grabbed the ball and, after a moment's hesitation in the position for a pass, suddenly dashed around the clear end and tore down the field with the ball held tight.

The Lainfield team was astonished and started in pursuit. But Steve had the advantage and laid the ball behind the Lainfield post. Waters kicked the goal.

Haines had fallen hard and was carried off with a broken collar-bone.

Steve never played harder. He made sure the ball never got past him. In the final quarter, after a punt by Halen had been stopped by a Lainfield fellow's fingers, Rodman recovered the ball and rushed twenty yards for another touchdown, and the whistle blew—the game ended 13-7 in Halen's favor. Steve had saved the day.

PLAY THE GAME

(Continued from page 11)

Mr. Holcomb and Arthur were left alone. "I don't know exactly how to express myself," said Mr. Holcomb, "but I want to tell you that I realize and appreciate what you have done."

"What I have done?" echoed Arthur.

"Yes. Maybe you didn't know it, but the note you wrote to Fred during the June examination never reached him. You should go in for basketball. Your aim is very bad. I picked it up from the floor, and under the circumstances I took the liberty to read it. My boy, I realize what this trip with your father meant to you, and what strength of character it took to resist the easy way. You have earned your father's respect and admiration, and mine, and I want to tell you that I'm proud of you. It's such boys as you are that the school needs—that the country needs, for

"It's the voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks,

Play up! play up! and play the game.'"

Arthur grasped the outstretched hand and hurried away. Somehow he couldn't say anything just then. After all, Dad would take him over some other time; he'd have plenty of chances to go to Europe. But he'd never forget the gleam of pride in Mr. Holcomb's steady gray eyes or the ring in his voice as he said, "Play the game!" That was worth everything.



Clippings from Our Contemporaries

AIN'T LIFE GRAND?

When you're hemming and you're coughing,
And the pupils round are scoffing,
You've forgotten all you've studied in the
night;

When you try to throw a bluff,
But you find it's too old stuff,
Then you realize you're in a woeful plight.

When a smart one says you're stuck,
And you mutter, "Darn the luck!"
Your ambitions for the honor roll have fled;
Then you're in a hole it seems,
All those tens were just sweet dreams,
And you wish you were enjoying life instead.

Oh, for deserts and for jungles
To escape the awful bungles
That incessantly you make day after day;
For the studies keep you busy,
And the Latin knocks you dizzy,
And baseball keeps on calling you in May.

When you come to with a start,
And recite with thumping heart,
And you know that you've escaped an awful
brawl;

When you see your card, a nine!
O, boy! ain't that teacher fine,
And life is surely some good after all.
—Optimist, S. S. H. S.

Chem. Teacher: "Now I will take a little
sulphuric acid and——"
Voice: "That would be a good thing."

"It's all off for the night," she said, as she
wiped her face.

TOWN OF DON'T WORRY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile,
There Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while,
Where the Never-Grumble Flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er Give-Ups and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment,
In the Province of I-Will,
You will find the Lovely City
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there,
And to each vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while
In the Town of Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of River Smile.

—Chronicle, New Orleans, La.

The demonstrator's car was speeding along
a country road.

"What cemetery are we passing?" inquired
the prospective purchaser.

"Cemetery, nothing! Why, man, those are
milestones we're passing by."

"How can a girl get into the movies?"
"If you haven't a ticket, try the fire escape."



SCHOOL NEWS

RADIO CLUB

President—Rice.

Secretary—Frey.

Although the Radio Club was not reorganized until the latter part of last term, and although it was greatly handicapped by the present system of two sessions daily, it more than doubled the membership of any previous term, and accomplished many more things. Meetings have been held once a week at regularly scheduled talks. At these meetings members have given talks on various interesting topics of the radio world. At all meetings there is a period given over to discussion, when members have a chance to give and receive ideas. Many have constructed highly efficient sets with the aid of information and hints received at the meetings. Members receive a substantial discount on radio goods at several of the leading houses of the city. Much of the success of the club is due to the efforts of Rice and Frey, its officers, as well as to Mr. Saylor, who, in an advisory capacity, has rendered invaluable service to the club. All members of the Science Club are eligible to membership, which includes the privilege of wearing the club pins, the right to receive the discount on apparatus they may buy, and the benefit of listening to very informative talks and discussion. Everyone is interested in the radio broadcasting now so popular. Learn how to set up a set, or, if you have one, to improve it. Come out!

THALIANS

On Friday evening, January 20, the Thalians presented to a large and appreciative audience three one-act plays. The first play, "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," is notable for its setting and costumes. As the curtain rises,

the Boy is seen preparing lentils for his meal. As he works, the Queen enters, and begs him to give her a hiding place, for she has escaped while being taken to the beheading block. She is safely hidden, and the boy returns to his work. Various characters then pass, on the way to the beheading, each conversing for a moment with the Boy, telling him their greatest desire. The last to come is the Dreadful Headsman, who is to execute the Queen. This duty is never performed, however, for as he talks the clocks strike noon, and the Queen is safe. Thereupon she grants to each the fulfillment of his desire.

THE CAST

Prologue Mr. Crosse
Device Bearer..... Sylvia Greenberg
The Boy David Gladstone
The Queen Ruth Robins
The Mime John Hammond
The Milkmaid Hedwig Hass
The Blindman Percy Olton
The Ballad Singer..... Marjorie Chapman
The Dreadful Headsman..... Harlan DeVoe

"The Revolt," the second play, is by Ellis Parker Butler, the well-known humorist. Grandma Gregg's Academy of Household Science is a school where young ladies are taught to care for and look after the needs of husbands. The pupils are incited to revolt against Grandma Gregg and against all men by Susan Jane Jones, an anti-masculine agitator. However, at the critical moment, the girls are summoned by their boy friends, and the revolt collapses.

THE CAST

Grandma Gregg, founder of the
Flushing Academy of House-
hold Science for Young
Ladies Elizabeth Mingle

Pauline (working out her tuition) Mildred Cohen
Susan Jane Jones, an emissary of the American Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Female Supremacy Harriette Bellak
Kate } Students ... { Mary DeVausney
Grace } { Eleanor Heath
Edith } { Margaret Mahar
Ida } { Beatrice Kenney
May } { Irene O'Crowley
The Ideal Husband.....By Himself

"The Snare and the Fowler" is a play of the early days of the French Republic. Sir Henry Champernoune, an English noble, crosses to France to entrap his young half brother, from whom he desires to obtain revenge for the wrongs of his mother. Fortune places them in the same cell of a French prison, where Sir Henry, who has never before seen the lad, becomes strongly attached to him. A chance to escape is given them by the jailer, an old friend of Sir Henry's, but the boy, who has been wounded, is unable to move, and Sir Henry refuses to desert him. Thus he, the fowler, is caught in the snare he himself has set.

THE CAST

Sir Henry Champernoune.....George Haight
Yuain Chauvigny Kathryn Elkins
Michael Tavernier Herbert Noon

SCIENCE CLUB

A hole that extends half a mile into the ground! More than two thousand miles of passages under the earth! Mules which do not see the light of day from one year's end to the next! Such were some of the wonders described by Dr. Millman in his lecture to the Science Club, on coal mining, on Friday, January 13. Dr. Millman has spent most of his life in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and is thoroughly familiar with every phase of the mining. He told of the daily routine of work of the worker, of his pleasures and his hardships, his dangers and his recreations. He told of little boys, some mere babes, who work long hours picking slate from the coal, tending doors, and pushing cars. He spoke of the struggle between capital and labor in the mines, where the miners' unions and the operators are constantly quarreling. He described

vividly accidents which may, and do, happen every day. The causes were carefully explained, and the means used to prevent such happenings. The mine owners have spent large sums for safety apparatus and safety-first campaigns among the men. Dr. Millman illustrated his remarks by stereopticon slides, some of unusual interest, obtained at great cost. All who attended this meeting felt that their time had been well spent in listening to one of the most interesting lectures the Science Club has ever had.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

A meeting of the Girls' League was held on January 10. After the call to order from the president, the meeting was given over to an entertainment by about fifteen children from the Good Samaritan Home for Colored Children. It seems as though this entertainment had become a fixed event in the calendar of the League, for this is the second year in which it has been held. The children gave recitations and songs in a manner that all thoroughly enjoyed. The meeting adjourned at 12:15 o'clock. The girls of the school showed their appreciation of the efforts of the children by bringing canned goods, which were given to the children afterward. This gave as much enjoyment to the children as their entertainment had earlier given the girls.

THE BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB

The Barringer Discussion Club is having a very active season. At many meetings some very important topics have arisen, leading frequently to a debate. Recently a debate was held upon the following topic: "Resolved, that Football as a Varsity Sport Has Become More Successful than Baseball." On the affirmative side were Rice and Haight, and on the negative, Stickel and Krist. Some very fine points were brought up, and in all it was a very spirited discussion. Haight carried the rebuttal for the affirmative and Stickel for the negative. The decision of the judges, who considered quality in presentation and strength of argument rather than cases that have arisen in our school, decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative.

(Continued on page 27)

JANUARY HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 6)

- 4B Room 25. Laurence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Samuel Lucas, Thelma Ruffkess, Harry Venus.
Room 36. Fairlie McNear, Marie Nugent, Percy Olton, Franklin Steiger, Elizabeth Stewart.
Room 37. Harriette Bellah, Irma Lutz, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 63. Mathias Neiss, Ethel Phipps, Laura Edwards, Jean Hayes, Mildred Smith.
- 3A Room 41. Philip Freda, Helen Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
Room 50. Franklin Chattin, Lida Bedell, Evelyn Battin.
- 3B Room 59. Anne Di Gialamo, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Clarence Stephan, Marie Welch.
Room 57. None.
Room 82. Ethel Dodge, Sam Pollock, John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.
- 2A Room 26. George Maggio, Jennie Weiss, Louis Hessler.
Room 68. Anna Fieg, Winthrop Lenz, Isabel Schneider, Ruth Scott.
- 2B Room 32. Arthur Brown, Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult, Elizabeth Grimes.
Room 67. Arthur Magill, Beatrice Rosenberg, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Elizabeth Taylor, Ernest Waters.
Room 81. Elizabeth Paskow, Despina Scardas, Harry Stein.
Room 83. Margaret Blake, Esther Neiss, Iris Veyer.
- 1A Room 56¹. Florence McCormick, Mildred Unfried.
Room 66¹. Nea Norton.
Room 67¹. Harry R. Doremus, Ruth Lilybridge, C. B. Perryclear.
Room 82¹. Richard Johnson, Charles Hart, Etta McHale.
Room 85¹. Florence Freda.
Room 93¹. Evelyn Klintworth.
Room 95¹. Burtis Morningstern, Lily Shapiro.
- 1B Room 57¹. Ward Abbot, Dorothy Ackerman, James Best, Emil Block, Harold Dahlburg.

Room 92¹. Leslie Ault, Emil Domonkos, Graham Wood.

Room 61¹. Emma Lister.

Room 65¹. Florence Harper, Bradley Harrison, Robert Jennings, Charlotte Kain, Lillian Knight, Florence Kohlins.

Room 76¹. Mary Keim, Helen Murphy, Sadie Shanker.

Room 83¹. Freeman Lazelle, Aida Rizzolo.

Room 87¹. Helen Monteith.

Room 86¹. Fred DeCamp, Joseph Rose, Louis Fuchs.

Room 3¹. Leonard Tushnet.

TESTIMONIALS

- 4B Room 25. Laurence S. Burgyes, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 36. Fairlie McNear, Franklin Steiger.
Room 37. Harriette Bellah, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 63. Laura Edwards, Mathias Neiss, Esther Obertrifter.
- 3A Room 41. Philip Freda, Selma Fishman, Helen Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne,
Room 50. Lida Bedell.
- 3B Room 43. Marie Welch, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 45. Gertrude Day.
Room 82. Sam. Pollack, John Single.
- 2A Room 26. Louis Kessler.
Room 69. Anna Fieg, Winthrop Lenz, Isabel Schneider, Ruth Scott.
- 2B Room 32. Warren Condit.
Room 66. Charles Calasibetta, Robert Mayer.
Room 67. Arthur Magill, Beatrice Rosenberg, Florence Seligman, Esther Slade, Elizabeth Taylor, Ernest Waters.
Room 83. Esther Neiss, Iris Veyer.
- 1A Room 66¹. Nea Norton.
Room 67¹. C. B. Perryclear.
Room 81¹. Eleanor Ahr, Milton Block.
Room 82¹. Richard Johnson, Charles Hart, Sylvia Wasserman.
Room 85¹. Florence Freda.
Room 93¹. Sylvia Greenberg.
Room 95¹. Burtis Morningstern, Lily Shapiro.
- 1B Room 57¹. Ward Abbot, Dorothy Ackerman, James Best, Emil Block, Harold Dahlburg.

man, James Best, Harold Dahlberg.
 Room 76¹. Sadie Spanker.
 Room 83¹. Lazelle Freeman, Ada Rizzelo.
 Room 86¹. Fred DeCamp, Louis Fuchs,
 Joseph Rose.
 Room 87¹. Helen Monteith.
 Room 92¹. Leslie Ault, Emil Domonkos,
 Graham Wood.

NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY DURING TERM

Room 25. Gertrude Fitzherbert, Roland
 Heyer, Harry Venus, Louis Vitiello.
 Room 26. Anna Frey, George Maggio, Jr.,
 Lucia Sichels, Louis Kessler, Wesley
 Mapletoft, Robert Philipson, Paul Vanadia,
 Charles Basile, Nicholas Reale.
 Room 32. Warren Condit, Gilbert Crogan,
 Albert Eskin.
 Room 35. Kail Gardinier, Mildred Hardy,
 Bertha Siegle.
 Room 36. Bernard Chiego, George Martin,
 Fairlie McNear.
 Room 37. Harriette Bellah, Chauncey Bri-
 enza, Walter Stoddart.
 Room 41. Philip Freda, Ernest Haer, Helen
 Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
 Room 42. Tony Blasi, Esther Matturi, Gilda
 Rosamilia.
 Room 43. Muriel Belknap, Robert Wallace.
 Room 45. Joseph Ciccone, Gertrude Day,
 Emil Giffoniello, Edwin Sommer.
 Room 50. Lida Bedell, Alice Clayton, Hast-
 ings Pratt, Fred Senerchia.
 Room 51. Richard Graf, Harold Saul, How-
 ard Smith, Oscar Rydgren, Mildred
 Stango.
 Room 55. Adelaide Hanson, Constance Hed-
 den, Salvatore Caprio, Nicholas Ciccone,
 Fred Herron, Mario Meo, Jerome Neuss,
 Leo Richer, Ford Stevens.
 Room 57. Albert Cox, Robert Hobbie, Alice
 Smith.
 Room 59. Florence Alsen.
 Room 61. Ronald Bishop, Harold Bullock,
 John Calasiebetta, Willard Constantinides.
 Room 63. Attilio Giffoniello, Elizabeth Min-
 gle, Ethel Phipps, Fred Warnecke, Laura
 Edwards, Walter Wehner, Jean Hayes.
 Room 65. Edwin Eckert.
 Room 66. Charles Calasibatta, Robert Mayer,

John Ganey, Asa Huff.
 Room 67. Elizabeth Robertson, Elizabeth
 Taylor.
 Room 69. Anna Fieg, Isabel Schneider.
 Room 81. Marion Henne, Theodore Smith,
 Frank Vanderhoof.
 Room 82. Frank Sena.
 Room 83. John Matalene.
 Room 92. Grace Schaefer, Dorothy Powell,
 Norman MacLeod.
 Room 56¹. Ellen Plaknow, Louis Padula,
 Marie Ricigliano, Americo Rotondi, Henry
 Schoettly.
 Room 57¹. Dorothy Ackerman, Ida Arnoys,
 James Best, Bernice Brown, Franklyn
 Caruso, Knight Clift.
 Room 61¹. Edward Conklin, Tony Crecca,
 Frederick Day, Charles Knowles, Irene
 Walsh.
 Room 65¹. Carmine Gerard, Bradley Harrison,
 Robert Jennings.
 Room 66¹. Joseph Nugent, Jennie Bovero,
 Helen Bending.
 Room 67¹. Benjamin Eskin, Edwin Medlin, C.
 B. Perryclear, James Schaefer, James
 Single, James Yuill.
 Room 76¹. Mary Keim, Virginia Leach, Helen
 Murphy, Florence Wickstrand, Mary Bel-
 lino.
 Room 81¹. Eleanor Ahr, William Alberts,
 Adam Alvine, Charles Balsalian, Harriet
 Basch, Katharine Beal, Vincent Berar-
 desca, Dorothy Bishop, Charles Caruso,
 Gerald Cetrulo, Edward Curran.
 Room 82¹. Josephine Milman, Frédenis Gran-
 toft, Richard Johnson, Louis La Capra.
 Room 83¹. Catherine Brodo, Amelia Chiafari,
 Katherine Filippone, Eleanor Finelli, La-
 zelle Freeman, Loretta Heinz, Minnie
 Juliano, Violet Migaro, Aida Rizzolo,
 Room 85¹. Clara Vitiello.
 Room 86¹. Fred DeCamp.
 Room 87¹. Clarence Mignone, Dorothy Pike.
 Room 92¹. Louis Abbamonte, Anthony Bel-
 fione, George Clark, Emil Domonkos, An-
 thony Yannuzzi.
 Room 93¹. Nelson Connor, Rose Andres.
 Room 95¹. Robert Knight, Margaret Philburn,
 Dominick Racielle, Lily Shapiro, William
 Wareneler, Margaret Worthington, Alice
 Young.



ACROPOLAFFS

"Is Gordon a careful driver?"

"Very, he never runs over anyone unless he is sure he can make his get-away."

"Is the water you get at your boarding house pure?"

"No, we frequently find traces of coffee and other substances in it."

Coit: "Do you suppose the stories are all true that we heard of aviators and their feats?"

Haight: "I think some of them are just flying rumors."

A well-known judge dined recently at a West End Hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory of the ownership of the headgear.

"How do you know this is my hat?" asked the judge on being presented with his silk hat.

"I don't know it, sir," said the man.

"Then why did you give it to me?" asked the judge.

"Because you gave it me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.

The teacher, pointing to a zebra, said: "Now, children, what is this?"

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," said little Arthur.

Dr. Dumm: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Margaret Mahar: "Oh, Mr. Dumm, do you teach that, too?"

Bob came home in a hurry and rushed to the room where his mother sat reading.

"Is dinner ready yet?" he asked.

"No, son," replied Mrs. Metcalfe calmly. "According to the time you set the clock back last night, dinner will be ready in three hours."

Sickly: "Doc, there's something the matter with me but I don't know what it is."

Doctor (after diagnosis): "It's just a case of nerves. My fee is five dollars and the prescription will cost you two more."

Better: "I only have five dollars. Lend me two and I'll have the prescription filled."

Doctor (after gazing at him for a moment): "Your nerve is all right. You are afflicted with an enlarged cheek. There is no remedy for that."

Hart: "What would you do for the girl you really loved?"

Cataline: "If I was you, I'd marry someone else."

Townley: "I made it hot for the family this morning."

Al: "How was that?"

Rip: "My mother made me build a fire in the stove."

Anne: "Did Bob really say that he thought I was angelic?"

Nelly: "Not quite; he said that you possessed certain characteristics that were in-human."

Hawk: "You talk like an idiot."

Hunk: "I have to talk so you can understand me."

"One good turn deserves another," said the screw-driver.

Customer (in restaurant): "Do you have oyster crackers?"

Waiter: "No sir; we open them ourselves."

In cold weather a chap who is wrapped up in himself is liable to a chill.

A.: "I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?"

B.: "Thirty days."

McNear: "We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; just an escape of gas."

Stude: "Ah! I see—something wrong with the meter."

"Some pull that you have," remarked the tack to the tack-lifter.

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?" she asked.

"I'll be good for a nickel," he said.

"Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

Customer: "Do you ever play anything by request?"

Musician: "Certainly, sir."

Customer: "Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

Stenographer: "How do you spell 'sense'?"

Employer: "Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Stenographer: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sence.'"

McNear: "I hear that there is only one picture of Rockefeller in existence and that is a water-color."

Dippel: "Yes, you see they couldn't do him in oil."

Lester: "What's this I hear about Egbert abroad last summer?"

Estey: "Oh, he and Aeneas are in the same boat. They were both caused a lot of trouble by Paris."—Ex.

Overheard in the Botanical Gardens

Guide: "See that tiger lily."

Female Sight-seer: "I don't see him; and, besides, my name isn't Lily."

Kaddie: "They say we have two hundred and fifty odd freshmen this year."

George: "Oh, not so many odd ones as that."

It very often happens that dry books best satisfy a thirst for knowledge.

Blumberg: "How near were you to the right answer to the third question?"

Westreich: "Two seats away."

A.: "Going to the concert tonight?"

B.: "Nope; don't like the program."

A.: "You don't go to a concert to read the program, you idiot; you go to hear music."

English Teacher: "Many poets spend weeks on a single line."

Stude: "That's nothing; I know of many men who have spent twenty years on a single sentence."

Teacher: "Nothing ever was, now is, or ever will be that did not come from something that was, now is, or will be."

Stude: "That explains the hole in the doughnut."

Congleton was sent to detention in 43. As he started from the room, Phil Wood shouted: "So you're going to the coupe?"

Congleton: "I can't a Ford to, but I have to Sedan."

Phil: "Well, you auto."

"Life is nothing but a bore," said the auger wearily.

"I'm a keen proposition," said the scythe.

De Ming: "Say, lend me a dime."

Tower: "Here's five cents."

De Ming: "But I asked for a dime."

Tower: "That's all right. We both lose a nickel."

"In Russia where do the Bolsheviks meet?"

"On the second floor."

"The second floor of what?"

"The second floor of an empty lot."

Perry: "Hello, Metcalfe, where have you been?"

Metcalfe: "I was at the Vocalize Vocalize rubber factory."

Perry: "Where?"

Metcalfe: "Vocalize Vocalize is the real name, but the vulgar mob call it Sing Sing."

Perry: "But that's no rubber factory."

Bob: "Oh, yes; the warden said that every man was doing a stretch."

The other day a strange thing happened. A man dropped a burnt match out of a boat and it lit on the water.

There will be a meeting of all students of Barringer who study at least three hours each night, next Thursday, in the Robert Treat Hotel, in telephone booth number 4.

Charley Allen: "I have a horse to sell. What will you give me for it?"

Harris: "A load of hay."

Charley: "What shall I do with the hay and no horse to eat it?"

"Russ": "I'll lend you the horst 'til the hay is gone."

Love and porous plasters, son,
Are very much alike;
It's simple getting into one,
But getting out—good-night."

To the 4A Boys: When you graduate don't forget that four years in Penn State is better than forty years in State Pen.

Broke—A word expressing the ultimate condition of one who is too much bent on speculating.

She: "Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over a heroine's face?"

Cynic: "Perhaps they are afraid that if it went any faster it might pick up dust."

The Long and Short of It

A motor being out of order in a small factory, electricians were repairing it. The owner's father, a very old man, was watching them.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Short-circuit," was the reply.

"Nothing of the kind," said the old man. "The circuit is long enough; look at the wires running from the wall clear to the machine."

So Does a Carpet-Sweeper

First Man: "I think bookkeeping is a healthy job."

Second Man: "How come?"

First Man: "You get lots of exercise running up and down the columns."

Pratt: "I used to live in Panama."

Berlinrut: "Now I know why they put locks on the Canal."

A.: "Do you know that the privates in the army eat much more food than the officers?"

B.: "How come?"

A.: "There are more of them."

Hammond: "The letter carrier told me to give this postal card to you."

Wolf: "Who is it from?"

Hammond: "How should I know? Do you think I'd stoop so low as to read other people's mail?"

Wolf: "Well, anyhow, the person who writes a message on a postal card is either impertinent or a fool."

Hammond: "That's a fine way to talk about your own brother."

Pessimist: "I can't live within my allowance."

Optimist: "Well, I can't live without mine."

Mother: "We must get a nurse for the baby."

Father: "Nurse! What we need is a night watchman."

THE ACROPOLIS

Hawk: "You talk like an idiot."

Hunk: "I have to talk so you can understand me."

One good turn deserves another," said the screw-driver.

Customer (in restaurant): "Do you have oyster crackers?"

Waiter: "No sir; we open them ourselves."

In cold weather a chap who is wrapped up in himself is liable to a chill.

A.: "I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?"

B.: "Thirty days."

McNear: "We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; just an escape of gas."

Stude: "Ah! I see—something wrong with the meter."

"Some pull that you have," remarked the tack to the tack-lifter.

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?" she asked.

"I'll be good for a nickel," he said.

"Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

Customer: "Do you ever play anything by request?"

Musician: "Certainly, sir."

Customer: "Then I wonder if you'd play dominoes until I've finished my lunch."

Stenographer: "How do you spell 'sense'?"

Employer: "Dollars and cents, or horse sense?"

Stenographer: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sence.'"

McNear: "I hear that there is only one picture of Rockefeller in existence and that is a water-color."

Dippel: "Yes, you see they couldn't do him in oil."

Lester: "What's this I hear about Egbert abroad last summer?"

Estey: "Oh, he and Aeneas are in the same boat. They were both caused a lot of trouble by Paris."—Ex.

Overheard in the Botanical Gardens

Guide: "See that tiger lily."

Female Sight-seer: "I don't see him; and, besides, my name isn't Lily."

Kaddie: "They say we have two hundred and fifty odd freshmen this year."

George: "Oh, not so many odd ones as that."

It very often happens that dry books best satisfy a thirst for knowledge.

Blumberg: "How near were you to the right answer to the third question?"

Westreich: "Two seats away."

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"Life is nothing but a bore," said the audience wearily.

"I'm a keen proposition," said the scythe.

The Inquiring Reporter's Column

Strange happenings have taken place during the first of the year. List!

1. Curt Thum has bought a book of car tickets, making it safe for any one to speak to him after 1:30 and not held up for fare.

2. Elizabeth DeVoe arrived O.K. for three days. The inq. reporter has been informed that Miss DeVoe has a pair of roller skates which she uses in going to and from school. Polly Van Doren and Helen Holler are contemplating the purchase of bicycles. By the time this goes to press we estimate that Miss DeVoe will have at least been late 348 times.

3. Blumberg, on Friday, the thirteenth, did not ask one question in P. D. class, because he was absent.

4. Polly Van Doren came to school without her breakfast one morning due to an overheated alarm clock.

5. Mr. Dumm bought his little daughter a drum for Christmas. Can you beat that?

6. A prominent member of the school is learning to strum a ukelele.

7. At one of the recent dances a peculiar remark was made by Miss Decker, to wit: "Cut out cutting in, you cut-up!"

8. Mr. Haulenbeck absently stroked his upper lip last week, forgetting that it was all off. The inq. reporter barely missed photographing him in that pose. He had a close shave.

9. Mr. Crosse assigned a French test for Tuesday last, and it actually took place. No one reminded him, either.

10. Russell Harris has adopted a suave, directing, floorwalkerish tone lately. How?

There have been many more strange happenings, too numerous to mention, but the facts will be disclosed to those desirous of knowing by the enclosing of a two-cent stamp addressed to the I. Rep., Acrop.

Reeve, when he grows up, should be a barber. He's such a cute little shaver.

"Where is Sam Cohen?"

"Just where Willard's Cummin."

"Why are you a butcher?"

"I must make ends meet."

Try to

1. Cut.
2. Break Betty Gray's heart.
3. Go up the wrong stairs near 55.
4. Get here at 8 o'clock.
5. Borrow a nickel from Larkey.
6. Pass a trolley ticket at midnight.
7. Argue with Davis.
8. Escape Blumberg.
9. Use the telephone at noon.
10. Sing a duet with Bill Perry.
11. Vamp Percy Olton.
12. Take a shower in one period.
13. Sign your own excuses.

On the Trolley Car

Thin Lady (crowded for room): "They ought to charge by weight on this line."

Fat Lady (crowded also): "If they did, they wouldn't stop for you!"

S. M. or S. L.?

Hint to 4A Class—For idea on class colors consult neckties of Nusbaum.

The English Language Is Very Difficult

When you "catch on" to a thing you "tumble."

Better English

Do not say, "Hot dawg!" Say, "Warm puppie!"

Tonight! at the Flicker Palace

"The Broken Pitcher," in eight parts.

"Double Fishing," two reels.

A.: "Will she never leave the telephone?"

B.: "She is talking to her husband."

A.: "Ah, I thought it was a lifelong connection."

If you should ask two things of me,
And of these one I had to choose—
I'd rather die for you, my friend,
Than break in your new shoes.

—Ex.

"That's a nice dog you have there."

"Yes, but he's consumptive."

"Consumptive?"

"Yeah; Spitz blood."



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- "The Sunrise," East High School, Erie, Pa.
 "The Trident," Neptune Township High School, Ocean Grove, N. J.
 "Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark, N. J.
 "The Targum," Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.
 "The Colgate Maroon," Hamilton, N. Y.

"The Sunrise"—Your paper is excellent from cover to cover. We seldom find such a large literary department. The article on the celebration of New Years in different parts of the world are unusual and interesting.

"The Trident"—Your paper is very neat and interesting. Some cuts would brighten up the appearance a good deal, and more jokes would brighten up the text.

"Brown and White," Lehigh College, Bethlehem, Pa.—Your paper is very good and is to be praised for its news items and general make-up. We would suggest, however, a few jokes to liven up the "Brown and White."

"The Targum," Rutgers College—"The Targum" is a newsy little paper. "Lowawatha" is especially clever. Your jokes are good—as far as they go. Where are your Exchange Department and Alumni News?

"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.—The news and general arrangement of material in your

paper are very good. Why not add an Exchange Department? A few jokes would liven the paper up a bit.

"The Polymnian," Newark Academy—We certainly congratulate you on your paper. It is attractive, well arranged and exceedingly interesting. All we can suggest is an enlarged Literary Department. Good luck to you!

"The Worker," Boys' Vocational School, Newark—An interesting paper! We welcome the exchange. Your printing especially interests us, for we know you do it yourself—and we praise you for it. Cuts and an Exchange Department we recommend as valuable.

"The Williams Record," Williamstown, Mass.—A very snappy little paper! Your Editorial and Alumni departments are exceptionally fine. However, a few jokes would add zest to your paper.

"The Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.—Your paper, on the whole, is a very interesting one, but we note the omission of two important departments—a Joke Department, which would add the necessary spice, and an Exchange Department, which we consider very important.

"The Princetonian," Princeton, N. J.—Such a newsy paper! Editorials are fine. Ads, more ads and then more besides! We surely congratulate your business manager.

"The Jester," Columbia—Your magazine

surely is cleverly written. Everything is so original! Your jokes, cuts and all. Let us encourage your exchange, for we enjoy every page of it.

"The Optimist," South Side High School—It is a pleasure to exchange with the "Optimist." Your material is good and well arranged. Your cover and cuts make your paper very attractive. Your workers on the Joke Department prove their activities by the finished product.

"The Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama—"The Tuskegee Student" is brimfull of information. We need no voice to tell us it is written up by students—we know it as soon as we read a portion of it. The school news is well taken care of. More jokes would help the paper.

"The Reflector," Middletown Township, N. J.—"The Reflector" is a compact little paper. Your headings are very catchy. Your jokes are few, but your "Exchange Department" is very good. As a whole, we like your paper very much.

"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.—Your "Alumni Notes" are especially good. You seem to know what has happened to everyone who ever attended Yale. Your notes show you may well be proud of your graduates. We enjoy the happenings of "The Week."

"The Somerset Idea," Somerset High School, Somerset, Ky.—We "reckon" you have some school down there, judging from your snappy little paper. Why not have a few stories and some cuts? Your Exchange Department, contrary to most papers, is fine. Come again!

"The Princeton Tiger"—This magazine needs no comment! It's as snappy a paper as can be found. Princeton certainly has some brains, anyway!

"The Chronicle," Wright High School, New Orleans, La.—The arrangement of material in "The Chronicle" is very good. Your jokes are most enjoyable. The Literary Department could be improved somewhat. Why not enlarge your Exchange Department?

Miss Romer: "See this pearl? Well I got it from an oyster."

Wise 1B: "Huh, that's nothing; my sister got a whole string of them from a lobster."

BACK IN '21

(Continued from page 8)

especially where it was grounded. We then returned to my radio room, where he examined the lamp on my table closely. He next asked permission to use a large voltmeter which was stored away on a shelf, in the corner of the room. Shaking off the dust, I handed him the article in question. He immediately connected one terminal to the ground wire and with the other he touched the lamp.

"The indicator fluctuated between the 0 and 110 marks! I was mystified. The thing puzzled me. I begged him for an explanation.

"He broke into a smile which gradually evolved into a laugh. I felt very indignant, indeed, that he should treat such a serious question in so sportive a manner.

"The fellow was really insane; his laughter increased with my anger. However, with a noticeable effort he checked the outburst of glee.

"'I earnestly beg your pardon,' he pleaded, 'but it really did strike me so funny, but I will explain.'

"'Well, I'm listening,' I snapped impatiently.

"'I will start at the very root,' he went on. 'When you received the shock you were connecting the ground wire to your apparatus, were you not?'

"'Yes, but how did you know?' I inquired, bewildered by his incisive reasoning.

"'You will understand later. 'Now then,' he continued, 'if you will unscrew the base of that lamp (pointing to my lamp) you will find one of the wires touching the base.'

"I did so. To my astonishment I found that the insulation of one wire had worn off, and the bare part came directly in contact with the base.

"But how had he known it without even so much as a glance at the interior? Why this man was a veritable Sherlock Holmes, I thought.

"Noticing my perplexity, he was quick to explain.

"'No, I do not make use of any supernatural arts. My diagnosis is simplicity itself. Of course you know that the house current is

(Continued on page 27)



A letter from Mary Margaret Barr brings the unwelcome news that she dislocated her knee in alighting from a taxi in Paris. The accident occurred just at the beginning of the two-weeks' Christmas vacation which she spent in Paris. As a result, instead of attending numerous functions to which the scholarship girls had invitations, she was confined to bed for twelve days. But the tedium of this enforced inactivity was somewhat relieved, she writes, by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Milwitzky, and by beautiful white lilacs and several calls from La Countess de Sèvres, who was an American girl before her marriage. Miss Barr has returned to her studies in the Lycée de Jeunes Filles, Caen, France, where she will be glad to see or hear from her classmates and other friends.

Fred Frost, June, '21, was one of six recently chosen by the Freshman Class at Williams to take part in a competitive speaking contest. His classmates seem to have already discovered one of his strong points.

R. Perry Foster and Margaret Poland, both of the Class of February, '17, are now married and living happily in Roseville, where Perry is associated with his father in their flourishing drug store.

Gertrude Doyle, February, '21, is now attending the Savage School for Physical Education, where many Barringer graduates have gone.

Rose Rathbone, having completed a course in physical training, is now a gymnasium teacher in Montclair.

Edward King, June, '19, one of our "B" men, is now attending Wesleyan, together with John

Foster, June, '18, another former Barringer star. Foster was the varsity center on the Wesleyan team last fall, while King played end.

Phyllis Stanley, '19, is attending Smith.

The teaching profession has made many recruits from the list of Barringer graduates. Among those who are now instructing are Constance Brooks, '17; Anita Ure, '19; Mary Edsell, '17; Katherine Wahl, June, '17, and Emily Wahl, Feb. '20.

Many have heard the call of the business world. The list includes Evelyn Hagadorn, Feb., '17; Doris Jamoneau, June, '18; Ellsworth Wood, '17; Elizabeth Boland, June, '19; Margaret Schlink, Feb., '17; Rosalie Gross, June, '19; Ruth Kilpatrick, '19; Arthur Raymond, '19; Mildred Taylor, '19; Florence Kirkpatrick, June, '19; Ruth Alten and Edna Altemiller, Feb., '19.

Estelle Kamm, '19, formerly editor of The Acropolis, is now married, as is Eunice Johnson, of the same year.

Israel M. Pogash, '19, a senior of the New York University School of Commerce, has just been awarded the honorary key to the Delta Mu Delta Fraternity.

Barton Strahan, '17, is now with the Western Electric Company of New York.

Philip Coffin, '19, after a year at Junior College, entered Columbia and is now a sophomore there.

Mildred Wintemute, Feb., '20, is now starting upon her teaching career after going through Normal.

Emma Zeigler and Charles Caddock are now at South Side Junior College, where their ex-

perience in the Thaliens, they were able to take part in a play recently given at their school.

Walter Taylor, Mr. Taylor's son, is a Junior at Williams.

While Fred Frost is only a Freshman. To show us he has not forgotten us, Fred is going to write us a nice long letter just for the Acropolis. Who could be so kind?

James Smith, a former Barringerite, and member of A. Z. frat., is showing Barringer spirit at the Newark Institute.

Robert A. Winans, of June, '21, has entered Yale, and expects to take the law course. He took examinations in eighteen subjects and passed them all with distinction, receiving a perfect rating in algebra and in geometry. He was at once awarded a scholarship on account of his high standing in the examinations.

Rather interesting to note how the boys who so recently were wearing the blue and white of Barringer, go on and use their scholastic training in collegiate circles? There's "Addy" Poland, our last year's captain and tackle—just out of high school, and he was one of the first eleven men chosen to represent Brown University on the football field. Then there's "Marty" Tartasky, who guarded Barringer's right flank only last season, playing for New York University at right end, and doing well.

Of course there are other former Barringerites who have made freshmen teams, but isn't it striking enough that these two men have become holders of varsity berths of their respective college teams?

BACK IN '21

(Continued from page 25)

grounded to the same pipe as your wireless?" he questioned.

"I replied in the affirmative."

"Well, it so happened that while your hand was on the ground wire, you leaned over and your forehead must have touched the lamp—at the spot where you have that burn—thus completing the circuit and, incidentally, causing you to see stars. Yes, my boy, I am sorry to say that, instead of discovering a manner

of radio transmission, you merely found a new way to tap the house current! But try again. Good-bye!"

SCHOOL NEWS

(Continued from page 16)

Another spirited debate took place between President Cummin and Vice-President Bateman on the question, "Resolved that Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished." The decision named the affirmative, supported by Cummin, as victor.

The club has as its adviser Mr. Paul Benartre, who is very active in boys' work and to whom much credit is due for this splendid season.

Several more discussions are being arranged and plans are being made for an inter-club debate with the discussion group of South Side.

Keep your eye on this club.

STAMP! STAMP! STAMP!

Among the younger students of Barringer has been formed a Stamp Club, the purpose of which is to further the art of stamp collecting among its members. These young philatelists, numismats and connoisseurs could teach us all some geography and history.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

A very interesting meeting of the French Circle was held January 10. Mlle. Thérèse Quadri, a distinguished singer, gave a delightful program, which consisted of

"Ouvre tes yeux bleus".....Massenet
 "Viens, les gazons sont verts".....Gounod
 "Air de Micaela" (Carmen).....Bizet
 "Printemps nouveau".....Vidal
 "Les gas d'Irlande".....Holmès
 "L'amour captif".....Chaminade
 "Samson et Dalila".....St. Saens
 "Vivons en chantant".....Dalcroze
 "J'ai pleuré en reve".....Hue
 "Tes yeux".....Rabey
 "Le coeur de ma mie".....Dalcroze
 "Daddy's Sweetheart".....

The last number on the program was sung in English. Mlle. Quadri explained the French songs in English.

Mlle. Quadri has a wonderful voice, and her program was enjoyed immensely by all who were present. As for the singer herself, she is altogether adorable. Her lovable personality and her marvelous voice made this meeting of the French Circle one of the most enjoyable in its history.

A large number of students attended the meeting, which was very hastily called.

The French Circle of Barringer appreciates this visit of Mlle. Quadri. We are looking forward to having her with us some time again in the future.

Note: The French Circle needs more co-operation from the student body. These are **your** meetings. Come out to them. We need every French student in the school. We want the French Circle to be a more lively organization, but we need **your** help. We want suggestions for the programs for future meetings. What do **you** want?

Come out and tell us!

THE MYSTERIOUS INHERITANCE

(Continued from page 10)

stable. All was quiet and serene. In one corner was the old horse who had brought them thus far, and from the other came that terrible noise. Then fell a silence. The noise did not come again.

Tip-toeing so as to "take the thing alive" or "not scare it away," whatever it was, the three proceeded toward the other corner. Not a thing did they find but the old driver, curled up and fast asleep, and whom they had forgotten. While they stood looking at him, wondering whether they should wake him up, the noise came again, and three pairs of eyes nearly popped out of their sockets! In spite of all the bangings and the racket they had made getting into the stable, the driver still slept on, making these queer noises that could hardly be called snoring. It came again! Evidently it struck the trio funny, for they started to laugh.

"Here is your ghost, Miss Gail!" said Hugh, who was the first to recover his voice.

"Come out of here," said Mrs. Parker, going toward the door. "We don't especially desire 'the ghost's' company."

As the house was a great rambling affair,

they started back to the front by another passage for curiosity's sake. An unexpected turn revealed to them an alcove, containing a huge desk set in the wall.

"I wonder what is in it?" asked Gail, like any other curious young person.

Hugh took the hint and opened it with little difficulty. Mrs. Parker was the only one interested in the papers, now yellow with age.

"My dear children!" she exclaimed, turning to them with an old book in her hands, "this is the old family Bible which has belonged to the Parker family for generations!"

"Does that mean that this huge place is ours?" asked Gail.

"It certainly does!" her mother replied. "What good fortune! Congratulate us, Mr. Latimer," she added, turning to him.

"I am glad to hear of your luck," he smilingly returned, "but since we have discovered the 'ghost' and found the Bible, the thing that would appeal to me most is some breakfast."

"But where——" began Mrs. Parker.

"Up in my cabin," Hugh finished for her. "We'll have breakfast for three as soon as I can prepare it. Don't hesitate, please, it is only up the road a bit."

They gathered their things together and with smiling but tired faces they made their way toward the cabin, both happy in the thought that they had such a friendly neighbor. But no! The story isn't finished. You know what happened to those two! Isn't it funny? But it's true!

English Teacher: "Willie, what does the word reverie mean?"

One Bee: "A reverie is like a baseball player, only he operates at prize fights."

"I've tossed up a good job before this," said the pitchfork as the last hay-wagon drove away.

"What a diplomat I must be," though the plane; "I'm always making things smooth."

"Who," asked the professor of the student, "was Homer?"

"The guy that Babe Ruth knocked out," was the reply.

Clothes Don't Make the Man

BUT THEY HELP YOU FORM YOUR OPINION OF HIM

Now fellows, don't you find that to be your own experience? Don't you like to associate with well dressed boys and don't you like to look well groomed yourself? Our clothes are tailored in such a manner and styled in such a fashion as to give you that particular air of dignity and satisfaction that you want.



COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

are our specialty. We have all the latest models and patterns that any young man could wish for. We want you to come in at your leisure and investigate for your own benefit. Step in any time at all; look at our suits and topcoats, try them on, buy if you like them and keep abreast of the times.

A REDUCTION OF 5%

will be given as a **SPECIAL** inducement to High School men. Our prices now are very reasonable and below the average. Bring this advertisement in with you whenever you make up your mind to buy and take advantage of this **SPECIAL OFFER** made only to you.

NAT LEVY
CLOTHIER AND HABERDASHER
156 MARKET STREET, Between Broad and Halsey Streets
The Rendezvous of Newark's Best Dressers

Don: "Did you get home before the storm last night?"

Dan: "That's when it started."

"I understand that you are going to take up golf."

"Oh, just enough to be able to read the comic papers intelligently."—Ex.

Miss Romer: "What are the properties of heat?"

Becker: "Properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

Miss Romer: "Very good. Can you give me an example?"

Eddie: "Yes'm. In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it gets cold, it gets very short."

Pig: "That was a sad defeat the other day."

Skin: "Yes, even the grandstand was in tiers."—Ex.

Ethel: "You can't judge a man by the way he dresses."

Mary: "Oh, I don't know! I can tell a gentleman by his get-up in a crowded car!"

In Physiology

Miss Romer: "Do you know that there is a burning fire in your bodies all of the time?"

Miss Albrecht: "Yes'm. When it is a cold day I can see the smoke."

"That's what I call killing two birds with one stone," said the jeweler as the couple dropped dead on hearing the price of the diamond ring.

Good Meats

GEORGE C. HELLER
No. 3 CENTER MARKET

An honest landlord advertises, "Moderate Apartment at Modern Rent."

"My point is perfectly plain," contended the awl.

A colloquialism that should be banished is "springing a joke." Most jokes of today do not spring; they are pushed, and fall helpless a few feet away."

Wood (To Congleton sent up for two hours): "Going to the coupet?"

Dick: "I gotta sedan."

Phil: "Well you auto."

Hic: "Why is a can of tomatoes like a cow?"

Hoc: "Why?"

Hic: "Because neither one can ride a bicycle."

Heard in the Corridor

"Take all!"

"Thanks, old top."

In P. D.

"When Wood is ready we'll take up Coal."

"Oh-h-h-h! Lemuel, vat you tink? I was arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy, you haf no car, haf you?"

"No, not dat. Speedink on de sidewalk."

"Say, what causes those marks on your nose?"

"Glasses."

"Glasses of what?"

Wiebe: "Father, the d-donkey kicked me!"

Father: "Have you been annoying it?"

Wiebe: "No. I was only t-trying to c-carve my name on its hoof."

"What supports the sun in the heavens?" asked a country school-teacher.

"Why, its beams, of course!" replied a precocious youngster.

"What is it that makes statesmen great?"
"Death."

"They tell me your cook only broke one dish yesterday."

"Yes; that's right."

"How did that happen?"

"It was the last one."

"I often wonder, considering your age, why you have that big bald spot on your head."

"Will you keep it a profound secret if I tell you why?"

"I faithfully promise I will."

"Well, my hair fell out."

"I dreamed I was married last night."

"Were you happy?"

"Yes, when I woke up."

"I hear you are going into business out West."

"Yes, I'm going to open a store in Arizona."

"In Arizona! Why, you can't stand it out there. It is a hundred and ten in the shade all the time."

"Well, I don't have to stay in the shade, do I?"

Young Aspirant: "Sir, may I count on your supporting me?"

Practical Citizen: "That depends, young man. Are you going to run for office, or do you want to marry my daughter?"

Doctor: "Why didn't you put on the porous plaster I sent you?"

O'Toole: "Plaster! Doctor, I'm a mumber of th' Hod Carriers' Union, and it's against th' rules for me to do anny plasterin' except in th' reg'lar workin' hours."

"While you were in Europe did you see any romantic old ruins?"

"Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me."

Willie's father had just bought him a dog and he took Johnny over to see it. When they reached it, the dog was whirling around in frantic endeavor to catch its tail.

Johnny: "What kind of dog is it?"

Willie: "A watch-dog."

Johnny: "Oh, I see. He's winding himself up."

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"Say, Smith, how do you like that cigar I gave you? If you smoke 1,000 and save the bands, they give you a talking machine."

"Huh, if I smoked 1,000 of them, I wouldn't need a talking machine. I'd need a harp."

The End

"I just got fired."

"What for?"

"For good."

She (refused a new hat): "I cook and cook for you and what do I get? Nothing!"

He: "You're lucky. I always get indigestion."

Mr. Dunn: "Students, this equation is simple when it isn't compound."

Prof.: "Use the word discuss."

Hard Guy: "Who is diss cuss?"

Eddie Doyle: "The doctor told me that I was leading too much of a sedentary life."

Lena: "I wouldn't stand for it."

Gertrude: "What is the height of laziness?"

Jean: "I don't know."

Gertrude: "A person who will rise one hour earlier than necessary in order to loaf an extra hour."

Heard in 95

Miss Price: "What three foods are needed to keep the body in good health?"

1B: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

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